

The Daily Courier.

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world war, it might be well to recall that we had more fifty years ago. Comparatively speaking, our Civil War was the bloodiest in history.

The News calls the American machine "inferior." If we may be permitted to borrow its language of a few days ago, this is a rather "blighted" expression. However, we cannot all agree to be great masters of English. The best we can do is to master the English occasionally.

"What's a little thing like evidence in a ballot fraud case when you have the count with you?" asks the Uniontown Standard. Does this refer to the proposed contest of Wood's party?

Beautiful snow is a beautiful wonder, she gives us many a shiver.

"Bottom, brooch!" is the verdict of the financial and industrial observers, and still the Great Political Conspiracy is not visible.

Sunny Jim had nothing on Sunny Lou.

Dippers have appeared on the York river at Connellsville. The dipper is the only member of the duck family who is able to make a bill. If anybody is skeptical as to their bill in this direction, he may easily convince himself by watching the hunters shoot at them.

The coal land market seems to be fairly active, indicating that the operators of industry have an abiding faith in the future of business and the substantial value of Western county coal.

Dunbar is not precisely a Quaker community, but it sometimes costs a tidy sum of money when the spirit moves the blood of youth to make a loud noise.

The Bull Moose organ is getting ready to take off its political shoes.

The teachers' institute season is approaching and the teachers are getting ready to go to school again themselves to the great gratification of their scholars.

The North Sea is an ill of mines that the whales have moved to the open. The York river is pretty well mined, but it is still free for most of its distance from the dangers of navigation.

Chicago proposes to eat turkey instead of turkey for its Thanksgiving dinner. Chicago was always somewhat on the hog.

The English Channel

By GEORGE FITCH

Author of "At Good Old Bawds"

The English channel is an arm of the sea which has been a peace-maker between England and her neighbors for almost a century and which has this notable effect, that of positive work against the Germans.

The channel is 25 miles wide at its narrowest point and it is also very deep. It is impossible for the ordinary soldier, equipped down to his eyes and carrying a heavy load, to swim across it. It is equally impossible for a soldier to swim across it in a boat without the consent of England. For centuries English soldiers and sailors have been swimming up and down the channel and the hostile armies which attempted to land on English shores and meet them in the channel. They have been soaked in salt water until they were entirely useless for military purposes.

The channel was the first to make an attempt to invade England. They sent a great fleet up the channel and were met by the English and were very largely defeated.

The English channel is the most creditable tradition in Great Britain. It gives the country hundreds of miles of coast. At the beginning of the present war three millions of men could have been landed on the beach for the German army. But they had

to many men we couldn't get better killed. We're safe here.

While France has been getting soaked in the cathedrals and Belgium has had to make out entirely, England has been and continues to be happy.

The channel is front of them. In consequence, while France has been getting soaked in the cathedrals and other vital parts and Belgium has had to make out entirely, England has been and continues to be happy. It is safe and comparatively happy. If any country should become the channel from in front of England, that country would become a nuisance as a man who has just eaten in front of a crowd's eyes in time to see the bus taken off.

The channel also serves other useful purposes. It keeps French vandals, millinery and noblemen out of England to a large extent and keeps English about, English cricket and English clothes out of France. It has a board of very narrow and can be crossed in an hour. It is very popular with the traveler. This is because of its caribou. It is the most curious body of water in the world. It is never satisfied until it has turned the officer and sergeant inside out and has seen what he has eaten for lunch.

Motor to London

Dr. J. B. Woods, Henry Porter, Dr. J. L. Corbin and E. H. Stinson were to be in the Woods' car for a chicken and waffle supper.

The Russian Regeneration.



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There Are great Shoe Bargains Awaiting You

The Union Supply Company want to call your attention to the attractive shoe bargains which are now being offered in their various shoe departments. The very pleasant dry fall weather has allowed people to wear their old summer shoes, and that, with the hard times, has curtailed the demand. Our preparations were for the usual fall business, and the result is, our stocks are too heavy for this time of year. They must be reduced, and one of the best ways to reduce them is to cut the prices. This fine dry weather cannot last much longer; we will soon have rainy, snowy, blustery weather, and then you must have fall and winter footwear. Prepare now; the cut prices are an inducement. The lines are complete. There are shoes for men, women, boys and girls, and small children. There are great bargains in the way of prices in every line. Women's and Misses' dress shoes; men's and boys' dress and work shoes; rubber goods. You know our reputation for high class goods in the shoe departments. You know our guarantee; if not entirely satisfactory, return them and get a new pair or your money refunded. This stands good even in the cut price sales.

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Two Very Popular Boots For Women.

Patent Leathers with Gray Tops.....\$4.00

Patent Leathers with Brocaded Top.....\$3.50

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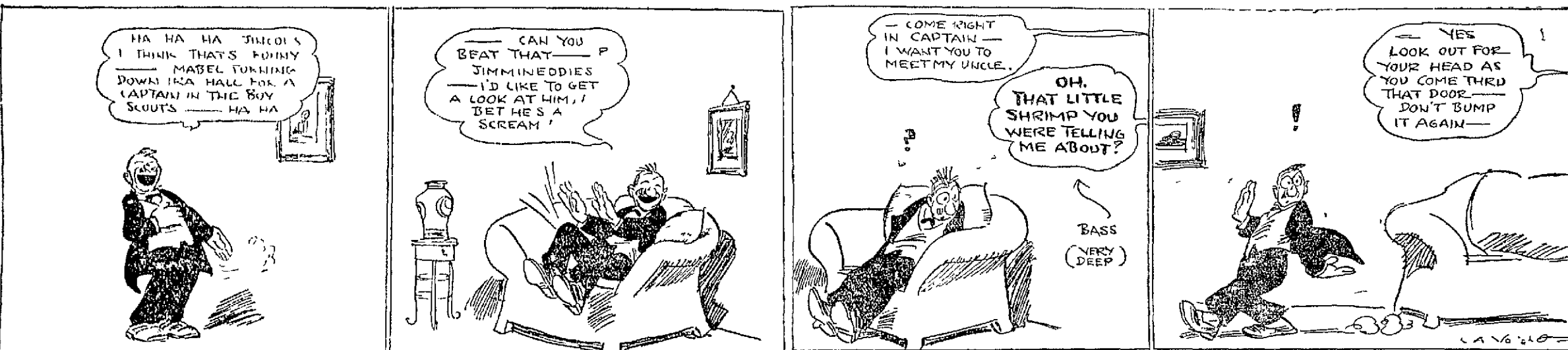
Patent Leathers with Brocaded Top.....\$3.50

Patent Leathers with Gray Tops.....\$4.00

Patent Leathers with Brocaded Top.....\$3.50

Patent Leathers with Gray Tops.....\$4.00

PLTLY DINK—There Isn't Much in a Name After All

[illegible][illegible]

COAL FOR BRAZIL

Impetus for Development of South American Trade

The movement in the business mind of Brazil to bring a little development in the South American export trade received an encouraging impetus recently when it became known that the United States Government had ordered 100,000 tons of coal from the United States. This order came from the Brazilian order is White & Kammerer.

I said the much discussed question of the coal for South America at the time of the terms for the coal order is cash on bill and I think a price of \$10.00 per ton. The coal is to be used in the industry for 100,000 ton complement one of which was delivered last week. This makes the first large foreign order for coal that has come to Brazil light with two months. The first was for 100,000 tons for the last in the latter part of September.

Try our Classified Advertisements.

[illegible]

In the following cases the company answers a demand that Berkeley file the number of shares for which it is entitled to call. The number of shares and the call price are shown in the following table. The company's interest in the shares is shown in the following table. The company's interest in the shares is shown in the following table.

**Turn Over
a New Leaf**

By subscribing
for **THIS PAPER**

Try our Classified Advertisements.

The Call of the CUMBERLANDS

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

For a time there was no speech, but to each of them it seemed that their tumultuous heartbeating must sound above the night music, and the telegraph of heartbeats told enough. Later they would talk, but now with a gloriously wild sense of being together, with a mutual intoxication of joy because all that they had dreamed was true, and all that they had feared was untrue, they stood there under the stars clasping each other with the rite between their breasts. Then as he held her close, he wondered that a shadow of doubt could ever have existed. He wondered if, except in some nightmare of hallucination, it had ever existed.

The flutter of her heart was like that of a rapturous bird, and the play of her breath on his face like the fragrance of the elder blossoms.

These were their stars twinkling overhead. These were their hills, and their moon was smiling on their crest.

He had gone and seen the world that loved him; he had met its difficulties and faced its puzzles. He had even felt his feet wandering at the last from the path that led back to her, and now, with her little figure held in his embrace, and her red-brown hair brushing his temples, he marvelled how such an instant of doubt could have existed. He knew only that the silver of the moon and the kiss of the breeze and the clasp of her soft arms about his neck were all parts of one great miracle. And she, who had waited and almost despaired, not taking count of what she had suffered, felt her knees with weak, and her head grew dizzy with sheer happiness, and wondered if it were not too many years to be true. And, looking very bravely into his eyes, she saw there the gleam that once had frightened her; the gleam that spoke of something stronger and more compelling than his love. It no longer frightened her, but made her soul sing, though it was more intense than it had ever been before, for now she knew that it was his heart that brought it to his pupils—and that nothing would ever be stronger.

But they had much to say to each other, and, finally, Samson broke the silence:

"Did ye think I wasn't a coming back, Sally?" he questioned, softly. At that moment he had no realization that his tongue had never fashioned another phrase. And she, too, who had been making war on words before, as she answered:

"Ye don't say ye was comin'." Then she added a happy lie: "I knowed plumb afore ye'd do it." After a while she drew away and said, slowly:

"Samson, I've done kept the old rifle gun ready for ye. Ye said ye'd need it but when ye come back, an' I've took care of it."

She stood there holding it, and her voice dropped almost to a whisper as she added:

"It's been a lot of comfort to me sometimes, because it was yours. I knew if ye stopped keerin' for me ye wouldn't let me keep it—an' as long as I had it I—"

She broke off, and the fingers of one hand touched the weapon carefully.

The man knew many things now that he had not known when he said good-by. He recognized in the very gesture with which she stroked the old walnut stock the pathetic heart-hunger of a nature which had been denied the fulfillment of its strength, and which had been beating on an inanimate object something that might almost have been the stirring of the mother instinct for a child. Now, thank God, her life should never lack anything that a flood-tide of love could bring to it. He bent his head in a mute act of reverence.

After a long while they found time for the less wonderful things.

"I got your letter," he said, seriously, "and I came at once." As he began to speak of concrete facts he dropped

He held her off at arm's length, and looked at her proudly, but under his gaze her eyes fell and her face flushed with a sudden diffidence and a new shyness of realization. She wore a calico dress, but at her throat was a soft little bow of ribbon. She was no longer the totally unself-conscious wood nymph, though as natural and unassuming as in other days. Suddenly she drew away from him a little, and her hands went slowly to her breast and rested there. She was fronting a great crisis, but in the first flush of joy she had forgotten it. She had spent lonely nights struggling for rudiments; she had sought and fought to refashion herself, so that, if he came, he need not be ashamed of her. And now he had come, and with a terrible clarity and distinctness, she realized how pitifully little she had been able to accomplish. Would she now master? She stood there before him, frightened, self-conscious and pale; talking, then her voice came in a whisper:

"Samson, dear, I'm not holdin' you to any promise. Those things we said were a long time back. Maybe we'd better forget 'em now and begin all over again."

But again he crushed her in his arms, and his voice rose triumphantly:

"Sally, I have no promises to take back, and you have made none that I'm ever going to let you take back—not while I live!"

Her laugh was the delicious music of happiness.

"I don't want to take them back," she said. Then, suddenly, she added, hesitatingly: "I wear shoes and stockings now, and I've been to school a little. I'm awfully—awfully ignorant, Samson, but I've started, and I reckon you can teach me."

His voice choked. Then, her hands strayed up, and clasped themselves about his head.

"Oh, Samson," she cried, as though someone had struck her, "ye've cut your hair."

"It will grow again," he laughed. But he wished that he had not had to make that excuse. Then, being honest, he told her all about Adrien's haircut—even about how, after he believed that he had been cut out by his uncle and herself, he had had his moments of doubt. Now that it was so clear, now that there could never be doubt, he wanted the woman who had been so true a friend to know the girl whom he loved. He loved them both, but was in love with only one. He wanted to present to Sally the friend who had made him, and to the friend who had made him the Sally of whom he was proud. He wanted to tell Adrien that now he could answer her questions—that each of them meant to the other exactly the same thing; that they were friends of the same sort, who had for a little time been in danger of mistaking their comradeship for passion.

As they talked, sitting on the stile, Sally held the rifle across her knees. Except for their own voices and the soft chorus of night sounds, the hills were swathed in silence—a silence as soft as velvet. Suddenly, in a pause, she came to the girl's hand the crackling of a twig in the woods. With the old, instinctive training of the mountains she jumped noiselessly down, and for an instant stood listening with intent ears. Then, in a low, tense whisper, as she thrust the gun into the man's hands, she cautioned:

"Get out of sight. Maybe ye've done found out ye've come back—maybe ye've trallin' ye!"

With an instant's shock she remembered what mission had brought him back, and what was his peril; and he, too, for whom the happiness of the moment had swallowed up other things, came back to a recognition of facts. Dropping into the old wood-cave, he melted out of sight into the shadows, thrusting the girl behind him, and crouched against the fence, throwing the rifle forward, and peering into the shadows. As he stood there, balancing the gun once more in his hands, old instincts began to stir, old battle hunger to rise, and old realizations of primitive things to assault him. Then, when they had waited with bated breath until they were both reassured, he rose and swung the stock to his shoulder several times. With something like a sigh of contentment, he said, half to himself:

"It feels mighty natural ter throw this old rifle gun up. I reckon maybe I kin still shoot it."

"I learned some things down there at school, Samson," said the girl, slowly, "and I wish—I wish you didn't have to use this."

"The Ashberry is dead," said the man gravely.

"Yes," she echoed, "Jim Ashberry's dead." She stopped there. Yet, her sign completed the sentence as though she had added, "that he was only one of several. Your own next farther."

After a moment's pause, Samson added:

"Jesse Purry's dead."

The girl drew back, with a frightened gasp. She knew what this meant, or thought she did.

"Jesse Purry?" she repeated. "Oh, Samson, did ye—?" She broke off, and covered her face with her hands.

"No, Sally," he told her. "I didn't have to." He recited the day's occur-

rences, and they sat together on the stile, until the moon had sunk to the ridge top.

Capt. Sidney Callomb, who had been dispatched in command of a militia company to quell the trouble in the mountains, should have been a soldier by profession. All his enthusiasms were martial. His predilection was military. His cool eye had a note of command which made itself obeyed. He had a rare gift of handling men, which made them ready to execute the impossible. But the elder Callomb had trained his son to succeed him at the head of a railroad system, and the young man had philosophically undertaken to satisfy his military ambitions with State Guard shoulder straps.

The deepest sorrow and mortification he had ever known was that which came to him when Tamarack Spicer, his prisoner of war and a man who had been surrendered on the strength of his personal guaranty, had been assassinated before his eyes. In some fashion, he must make amends. He realized, too, and it rankled deeply, that his men were not being genuinely used to serve the state, but as instruments of the Hollmans, and he had seen enough to distrust the Hollmans.

Here, in Hixon, he was seeing things from only one point of view. He meant to learn something more impartial.

Besides being on duty as an officer of militia, Callomb was a Kentuckian, interested in the problems of his commonwealth, and when he went back, he knew that his cousin, who occupied the executive mansion at Frankfort, would be interested in his suggestions. The governor had asked him to report his impressions, and he meant to, after analyzing them.

So, smarting under his impotency, Captain Callomb came out of his tent one morning, and strolled across the curved bridge to the town proper. He knew that the grand jury was convening, and he meant to sit as a spectator in the courthouse and study proceedings when they were interrupted.

But before he reached the courthouse, where for a half-hour yet the cupola bell would not clang out its summons to reverence and witness, he found fresh fuel for his wrath.

He was not a popular man with these citizens, though involuntarily he had been useful in leading their victims to the slaughter. There was a sword in his eyes that they did not like, and an arrogant tilt of iron laws in the fivory he wore, which their instincts distrusted.

Callomb saw without being told that over the town lay a sense of portentous things. Faces were more sullen than usual. Men fell into sullen knots and groups. A clerk at a store where he stopped for tobacco inquired as he made change:

"Heard the news, stranger?"

"What news?"

"This here 'Wildcat' Samson South come back yistday, an' last evenin' towards sundown, Jesse Purry an' Aaron Hollis was shot dead."

For an instant, the soldier stood looking at the young clerk, his eyes twinkling into a wicked blaze. Then, he turned under his broad hat. At the door, he turned on his heel.

"Where can Judge Smithers be found at this time of day?" he demanded.

CHAPTER XV.

The Honorable Abe Smithers was not the regular judge of the circuit which numbered Hixon among its county seats. The elected incumbent was ill, and Smithers had been named as his pro-tem successor. Callomb climbed to the second story of the frame bank building and pounded loudly on a door, which bore the boldly typed sign:

"Abe Smithers, Attorney-at-Law."

The temporary judge admitted a visitor in uniform, whose countenance was stormy with indignation. Presently the judge himself was placid and smiling. The lawyer, who was for the time being exalted to the bench, looked to ascend it more permanently by the vote of the Hollman faction, since only Hollman votes were counted. He was a young man of powerful physique with a face ruggedly strong and honest.

Callomb stood for a moment inside the door and when he spoke it was to demand crutches:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"About what, captain?" inquired the other, mildly.

"Is it possible you haven't heard? Since yesterday noon two murders have been added to the holocaust. You represent the courts of law. I represent the military arm of the state. Are we going to stand by and see this go on?"

The judge shook his head, and his visage was sternly thoughtful and hypocritical. He did not mention that he had just come from conference with the Hollman leaders. He did not explain that the venire he had drawn from the jury drum had borne a singularly solid Hollman complexion.

"Until the grand jury acts I don't see that we can take any steps."

"And," stormed Captain Callomb, "the grand jury will, like former grand juries, lie down in terror and inactivity. Either there are no courageous men in your county, or these panels are selected to avoid including them."

Judge Smithers' face darkened. He was a moral coward, he was at least a coward crouching behind a seeming of fearlessness.

"Captain," he said, coolly, but with a dangerous hint of warning, "I don't see that your duties include contempt of court."

"No!" Callomb was now thoroughly angered, and his voice rose. "I am sent down here subject to your orders, and it seems you are also subject to orders. Here are two murders in a day, capping a climax of 20 years of bloodshed. You have information as

to the arrival of a man known as a desperado with a grudge against the two dead men, yet you know of no steps to take. Give me the word and I'll go out and bring that man, and any others you name, to your bar of justice—it is a bar of justice! For God's sake, give me something else to do than to bring in prisoners to be shot down in cold blood."

The judge sat balancing a pencil on his extended forefinger, as though it were a scale of justice.

"You have been hauled in your language, eh?" he said, sternly, "but it is a hint arising from an indignation which I share. Consequently, I pass it over. I cannot instruct you to arrest Samson South before the grand jury has accused him. The law does not contemplate hasty or unadvised action. All men are innocent until proven guilty. If the grand jury wants South, I'll instruct you to go and get him. Until then, you may leave my part of the work to me."

His honor rose from his chair.

"You can at least give this grand jury such instructions on murder as will point out their duty. You can assure them that the militia will protect them. Through your prosecutor you can bring evidence to their attention, you—"

"If you will excuse me," interrupted his honor, dryly, "I'll judge of how I am to charge my grand jury. I have been in communication with the family of Mr. Purry, and it is not their wish at the present time to bring this case before the panel."

Callomb laughed ironically.

"No, I could have told you that before you conferred with them. I could have told you that they prefer to be their own courts and executioners, except where they need you. They also preferred to have me get a man they couldn't take themselves, and then to assassinate him in my hands. Who in the hell do you work for, Judge-for-the-moment Smithers? Are you holding a job under the state of Kentucky, or under the Hollman faction of this feud? I am instructed to take my orders from you. Will you kindly tell me my master's real name?"

Smithers turned pale with anger, his lightning face grew as truculent as a bull's, while Callomb stood glaring back at him like a second bull, but the judge knew that he was being honestly and fearlessly accused. He merely pointed to the door. The captain turned on his heel and stalked out of the place, and the judge came down the steps and crossed the street to the courthouse. Five minutes later he turned to the shirt-sleeved man who was leaning on the bench and said in his most judicial voice:

"Mr. Sheriff, open court."

The next day the mail carrier brought in a note for the temporary judge. His honor read it at recess and hastened across to Hollman's Ninth Month Department Store. There, in council with his masters, he asked instructions. This was the note:

"The Hon. Abe Smithers."

"Sir: I arrived in this county yesterday, and am prepared, if called as a witness, to give to the grand jury full and true particulars of the murder of Jesse Purry and the killing of Aaron Hollis. I am willing to come under the escort of my own kinemen, or the militia, on as the court may advise."

"The representation of any bodyguard I deplore, but in meeting my legal obligations, I do not regard it as necessary or proper to walk into a trap."

"Respectfully,"

"SAMSON SOUTH."

Smithers looked perplexedly at Judge Hollman.

"Shall I have him come?" he inquired.

Hollman threw the letter down on his desk with a burst of blasphemy:

"Have him come?" he echoed. "Hell and damnation, no! What do we want him to come here and spill the milk for? When we get ready, we'll indict him. Then, let your damned soldiers go after him—as a criminal, not a witness. After that, we'll continue this case until these outsiders go away, and we can operate to suit ourselves. We don't fall for Samson South's articles, Mr. sir; you never get that letter? It misleads. Do you hear? You never get it?"

Smithers nodded grudging acquiescence. Most men would rather be independent officials than collar-wearers.

Out on misery Samson South had gladdened the soul of his uncle with his return. The old man was meandering, and for a long time, the two had talked. The falling head of the clan looked vainly for signs of degeneration in his nephew, and, failing to find them, was happy.

"You've decided, Samson," he inquired, "that ye was right in yer notion, 'bout goin' away?"

Samson sat reflectively for a while, then replied:

"We were both right, Uncle Spicer—and both wrong. This is my place, but if I'm to take up the leadership it must be in a different fashion. Changes are coming. We can't any longer stand still."

Spicer South lighted his pipe. He, too, in these last years, had seen in the distance the crest of the oncoming wave.

"I reckon there's right smart truth to that," he acknowledged. "I've been studyin' 'bout it considerable myself of late. There's been several fellows through the country talkin' 'bout an 'timber an' railroad—an' such like."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

MADE IN ENGLAND

SOLE BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

At the Theatres



A Scene from "The Man on The Box."

THE SOISSON.

"THE MAN ON THE BOX."

The finest comedy written in many years is "The Man on the Box" which will be presented at the Soisson Theatre today. Max Glaman and Louise Robinson play the leading roles. "The Man on the Box" is a romantic western drama with many exciting scenes. "The Man on the Box" is a comedy, and the Soisson Theatre will be presenting the famous picture "The Man on the Box" that is endorsed by Judge R. E. Umbel. Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) will be produced the world wide known play "The Banker's Daughter."

"THE MAN ON THE BOX." Oliver Hesse's delightful comedy "The Man on the Box" which will be seen at the Soisson Theatre Monday, November 23, proves conclusively that New York can still laugh most heartily and sincerely at humor which is not coarse and risqué. This comedy recently concluded its second year at John C. Merriam's theatre, in New York, which shows that a simple story, directly and simply told, is more potent than a story which is complex or merely novel. The play is described as a comedy of youth and love and is from the pen of J. Hartley Manners, who also wrote such wonderful comedies as "The Man on the Box" and "The House Next Door." Mr. Hesse has given the play this comes to this city a lavish mounting and supplied an excellent cast of players including Carew Curvel as "Doc" a role in which she teamed with great success during the past season.

THE COLONIAL.

"THE QUAKER GIRL." With all the pomp and magnificence which characterized its run of one entire year at the Park Theatre, New York, and two years at the Adelphi Theatre, London, John J. Slocum offers the English musical success "The Quaker Girl" at the Colonial Theatre, next Wednesday, November 25, matinee and night.

"The Quaker Girl" is the collaboration of John J. Slocum, Adrian Ross and George Greenbank, with music by Lionel Monckton, a quartet of authors and composers who have written a large number of recent musical comedies. Two have been produced in the past with an American musical attitude of the English in Paris and the Quaker Girl as the partner of the first part, and with an excellent Bonaparte prince, and a King's messenger, as the other couple. The musical and plot intricacies abound in that best of the two couples provide a sufficient diversity of action, and the scenes are an English country village where the couples are first seen and then a dressmaking establishment in Paris and the Quaker Girl, to which localities the entire company finds excuse for going. The numerous songs and dances that are introduced come naturally in continuing the story and there is no attempt at effect so much in vague in musical comedy in this country.

The presenting company is one of the largest ever seen here, and includes a dancing chorus and ballet. Taken as a whole, "The Quaker Girl" promises to be the real musical item of the season's holdings. Advance sale of seats opens at Hixon's on Saturday.

THE ARCADE.

Billy Clark's Campaign Girls were unanimously elected last night at the Theatre. The large audience voted "The Boys Girls" to be one of the best musical shows this season. Their platform consisted of music and mirth. Billy himself is a comedian of the first water and he was surrounded by a company of beautiful, Miss Green, who is easily a feature, and with a well trained chorus of pretty girls was a decided hit. None of the company were allotted as each came in for his share of the applause. The Arcade is in keeping with their program as the shows are getting better each week and the large crowds are more than pleased with the results.



Miss Dorothy Slaytor.

COMPLETE \$5.00 OUTFIT

PRESENTED BY THE DAILY COURIER.

"YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO BUY ANOTHER BLADE."

Present the above coupon at this office, and the cost amount of expense items named below, and get this Safety Razor that has made self-shaving popular.

\$5.00 Ready to use, all complete, contains one VERY SHARP Horse Hide Strip, Six Sharp Steel Blades, SHAVING one box Very Sharp Dressing, which applied to the strip a little at a time will keep the blades sharp forever. This complete self-shaving outfit makes shaving a pleasure at any and all times. Present one Coupon with the cost amount of expense items which is only—

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By Mail on the Same Terms, but include 6 Cents Additional for Postage.



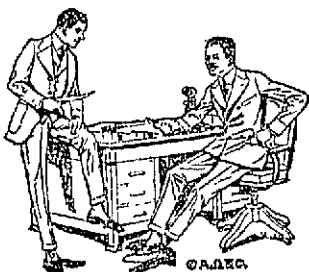
"I Have No Promises to Take Back."

mean into outdoor English and did not know that he had changed his manner of speech.

For as he sat Sally looked up into his face, then with a sudden laugh, she informed him:

"I can see 'em" instead of "he's" too. How did you have my writing?"

WRIGHT-METZLER CO Store Opens at 8 O'clock. Closes Daily at 5:30 and 9 P. M. Saturdays. **CONNELLSVILLE**



Time for Heavier Overcoats

The warmer, dressier coats are semi—or form-fitting, 42 to 54 inches long and with collars of velvet or self-material and notch, convertible or shawl style. Some are skeleton lined with silk or satin, or full lined with serge. Sleeves are Kimono or Derby fashion, and the neat cuffs are generally piped.

THESE SUITS ARE THE BEST YOU
CAN BUY IN TOWN OR OUT.

Wright-Metzler's is Connellsville's best clothing store. Here, a positive guarantee of worth goes with everything chosen. Early season prices are lowest that good clothes can sell for. Usually, and any reduction in price is that much actually saved. The clothing we handle is standard of the world for looks and wear. No better apparel is made anywhere. You can only get these clothes in this vicinity at the Wright-Metzler stores—and elsewhere, only at the best stores, too, in that community.

\$15, to \$35. each

SWEATERS

Men's and Boy's Sizes

WINTER WRAPS

HAT SALE

LUGGAGE

ors; mixed green and brown. High, snug collars, tight wrists and fast buttons. All sizes.

—Headlight Overalls, 100c

Male: 2.5 ± 0.1 g, 1.1 ± 0.1 g

350

3.00 velours, now... 2.25

25.

Extraordinary Sale of Women's New Suits

A Decided Marking Down of Some Practical Winter Models.

The models are short or long coat style, with straight, flared or tunic skirts. The sizes and styles are for women and girls—some odd sizes included for the former.

Materials are: broadcloth, French serge, heavy wale serge, novelty cloth, Bedford Cord, English poplin, fancy serge, cheviot and gabardine.

These Desirable Colors:

Black	Navy blue	Deep brown
Plum	Tartan Checks	Solid colors
Tampe	tete de negre	Wisteria
Green	Stripe effects	Royal blue

Women's ready to wear apparel. 2nd floor

SOISSON THEATRE
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25

THE GREATEST OF ALL "COKE" PICTURES
 IN SIX REELS

"THE DRUG TERROR"

ENDORSED BY JUDGE R. E. UMBEL

THURSDAY, NOV. 26

THE MOST FAMOUS SOCIETY PLAY
 IN SIX REELS

"THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER"

MONDAY, NOV. 30

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY

"PEG O' MY HEART"

Saturday Special!

UNDERWEAR DEPT., SECOND FLOOR.
 —New Union Suits of bleached cotton, winter weight.
 Choice of high neck and long sleeves or Dutch neck
 and elbow sleeve garments at 80c each for the \$1 grade.
 —Extra good cotton undersuits with snug necks and
 long sleeves at 50c.

DOMESTIC STORE SPECIALS.
 --Excellent 36 inch brown muslin.....5c
 --Best Lancaster gingham.....6c
 --All standard calico prints.....5c
 --1111 Muslin (bleached). 13 yards
 for \$1; 6 1/2 yards, 50c.
 --27 inch bleached outing, 7 yards.....50c
 --10c fancy outing cloth.....8c yd.

Blanket Special Extraordinary!
Cotton blankets, German finish, bound edges and 64x78 inches, 1.50 from \$2.
---More tancy Turkish towels--colored border style--have been received. The price is 50c.
---Oval and round imitation cut-work cushions, stamped to embroider, 50c; matching scarfs, 75c.

winter millinery

SPECIAL PRICES: NEW TRIMMINGS

Special attention is directed
to specially priced

\$5. Hats

Winter trimmed with rich
turs, neat flowers, orna-
ments, feathers, wings and
other modish conceits.
Black shapes of velvet or
plush, big, little and me-
dium. These hats are style
perfect, attractive and
dressy, and not to be com-
pared with low-priced mil-
linery specially bought for
special selling.

Many of our very exclusive hats are price-reduced. Hats that are different from those for utility and general wear. Rich trimmings, exquisite shapes, soft colors and black.

Winter Shoes

NEW STYLES AND WEIGHTS FOR
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Save 25c to 50c pair

Our shoes are newest style—always and always of the best leathers and findings. The shoemaking is perfect: the shoes fit comfortably and our fitters put the right models and sizes on your feet.

We sell our shoes at a saving of 25c to 50c and more on the pair, because these are un-advertised lines, and you pay for no world-wide publicity. We warrant every pair to give service and satisfaction.

(Shoe Store, first floor.)